

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KIEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY.

For the first time in his life John Ryder was nonplused. He coughed and stammered and looked round for a place where he could throw his cigar. Shirley, who enjoyed his embarrassment, put him at his ease.

"Oh, please go on smoking," she said. "I don't mind it in the least."

Ryder threw the cigar into a receptacle and looked closely at his visitor.

"So you are Shirley Green, eh?"

"That is my nom de plume—yes," replied the girl nervously. She was already wishing herself back at Massapequa.

The financier eyed her for a moment in silence as if trying to gauge the strength of the personality of this audacious young woman, who had dared to criticize his business methods in public print; then, waving her to a seat near his desk, he said:

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," murmured Shirley. She sat down, and he took his seat at the other side of the desk, which brought them face to face.

Again inspecting the girl with a close scrutiny that made her cheeks burn, Ryder said:

"I rather expected." He stopped for a moment as if uncertain what to say; then he added, "You're younger than I thought you were, Miss Green; much younger."

"Time will remedy that," smiled Shirley. Then, mischievously, she added:

"I rather expected to see Mrs. Ryder."

There was the faintest suspicion of a smile playing around the corners of the plutocrat's mouth as he picked up a book lying on his desk and replied:

"Yes, she wrote you, but I—wanted to see you about this."

Shirley's pulse throbbled faster, but she tried hard to appear unconcerned as she answered:

"Oh, my book! Have you read it?"

"I have," replied Ryder slowly, and, fixing her with a stare that was beginning to make her uncomfortable, he went on: "No doubt your time is valuable, so I'll come right to the point. I want to ask you, Miss Green, where you got the character of your central figure—the Octopus, as you call him—John Broderick?"

"From imagination, of course," answered Shirley.

Ryder opened the book, and Shirley noticed that there were several passages marked. He turned the leaves over in silence for a minute or two, and then he said:

"You've sketched a pretty big man here."

"Yes," assented Shirley; "he has big possibilities, but I think he makes very small use of them."

Ryder appeared not to notice her commentary, and, still reading the book, he continued:

"On page 22 you call him 'the world's greatest individualized potentiality, a giant combination of materiality, mentality and money—the greatest exemplar of individual human will in existence today.' And you make indomitable will and energy the keystone of his marvelous success. Am I right?"

He looked at her questioningly.

"Quite right," answered Shirley.

Ryder proceeded:

"On page 26 you say 'the machinery of his money making mind typifies the laws of perpetual unrest. It must go on relentlessly, resistlessly, ruthlessly making money, making money, and continuing to make money. It cannot stop until the machinery crumbles.'"

Laying the book down and turning sharply on Shirley, he asked her bluntly:

"Do you mean to say that I couldn't stop tomorrow if I wanted to?"

She affected to not understand him.

"You?" she inquired in a tone of surprise.

"Well, it's a natural question," stammered Ryder, with a nervous little laugh. "Every man sees himself in the hero of a novel just as every woman sees herself in the heroine. We are all heroes and heroines in our own eyes. But tell me what's your private opinion of this man. You drew the character. What do you think of him as a type—how would you classify him?"

"As the greatest criminal the world has yet produced," replied Shirley without a moment's hesitation.

The financier looked at the girl in unfeigned astonishment.

"Criminal?" he echoed.

"Yes, criminal," repeated Shirley decisively. "He is avarice, egotism and ambition incarnate. He loves money because he loves power, and he loves power more than his fellow man."

Ryder laughed uneasily. Decidedly this girl had opinions of her own which she was not backward to express.

"Isn't that rather strong?" he asked.

"I don't think so," replied Shirley. Then quickly she asked: "But what does it matter? No such man exists."

"No, of course not," said Ryder, and he relapsed into silence.

Yet while he said nothing the plutocrat was watching his visitor closely from under his thick eyebrows. She seemed supremely unconscious of his scrutiny. Her aristocratic, thoughtful face gave no sign that any ulterior motive had actuated her evidently very hostile attitude against him. That he was in her mind when she drew the

character of John Broderick there was no doubt possible. No matter how she might evade the identification, he was convinced he was the hero of her book. Why had she attacked him so bitterly?

At first it occurred to him that blackmail might be her object. She might be going to ask for money as the price of future silence. Yet it needed but a glance at her refined and modest demeanor to dispel that idea as absurd.

Then he remembered, too, that it was not she who had sought this interview, but himself. No, she was no black-maller. More probably she was a dreamer—one of those meddling sociologists who, under pretense of bettering the conditions of the working classes, stir up discontent and bitterness of feeling. As such she might prove more to be feared than a mere blackmailer whom he could buy off with money.

He knew he was not popular, but he was no worse than the other captains of industry. It was a cutthroat game at best. Competition was the soul of commercial life, and if he had outwitted his competitors and made himself richer than all of them he was not a criminal for that. But all these attacks in newspapers and books did not do him any good. One day the people might take these demagogic writings seriously, and then there would be the

devil to pay. He took up the book again and ran over the pages. This certainly was no ordinary girl. She knew more and had a more direct way of saying things than any woman he had ever met. And as he watched her furtively across the desk he wondered how he could use her—how instead of being his enemy he could make her his friend. If he did not, she would go away and write more such books, and literature of this kind might become a real peril to his interests. Money could do anything. It could secure the services of this woman and prevent her doing further mischief. But how could he employ her? Suddenly an inspiration came to him. For some years he had been collecting material for a history of the Empire Trading company. She could write it. It would practically be his own biography. Would she undertake it?

Embarrassed by the long silence, Shirley finally broke in by saying:

"But you didn't ask me to call merely to find out what I thought of my own work."

"No," replied Ryder slowly, "I want you to do some work for me."

He opened a drawer at the left-hand side of his desk and took out several sheets of foolscap and a number of letters. Shirley's heart beat faster as she caught sight of the letters. Were her father's among them? She wondered what kind of work John Burkett Ryder had for her to do and if she would do it whatever it was. Some literary work probably, compiling or something of that kind. If it was well paid, why should she not accept? There would be nothing humiliating in it; it would not tie her hands in any way. She was a professional writer in the market to be employed by whoever could pay the price. Besides, such work might give her better opportunities to secure the letters of which she was in search. Gathering in one pile all the papers he had removed from the drawer, Mr. Ryder said:

"I want you to put my biography together from this material. But first," he added, taking up "The American Octopus," "I want to know where you got the details of this man's life."

"Oh, for the most part—imagination, newspapers, magazines," replied Shirley carelessly. "You know the American millionaire is a very overworked topic just now—and naturally I've read"

"Yes, I understand," he said, "but I refer to what you haven't read—what you couldn't have read. For example, here." He turned to a page marked in the book and read aloud: "As an evidence of his petty vanity, when a youth he had a beautiful Indian girl tattooed just above the forearm." Ryder leaned eagerly forward as he asked her searchingly, "Now who told you that I had my arm tattooed when I was a boy?"

"Have you?" laughed Shirley nervously. "What a curious coincidence!"

"Let me read you another coincidence," said Ryder meaningly. He turned to another part of the book and read, "the same eternal long black cigar always between his lips."

"General Grant smoked, too," interrupted Shirley. "All men who think deeply along material lines seem to smoke."

"Well, we'll let that go. But how about this?" He turned back a few pages and read: "John Broderick had loved when a young man a girl who lived in Vermont, but circumstances separated them." He stopped and stared at Shirley a moment, and then he said: "I loved a girl when I was a lad and she came from Vermont, and circumstances separated us. That isn't coincidence, for presently you make John Broderick marry a young woman who had money. I married a girl with money."

"Lots of men marry for money," remarked Shirley.

"I said with money, not for money,"

retorted Ryder. Then, turning to the book, he said: "Now, this is what I can't understand, for no one could have told you this but I myself. Listen." He read aloud: "With all his physical bravery and personal courage, John Broderick was intensely afraid of death. It was on his mind constantly. Who told you that?" he demanded somewhat roughly. "I swear I've never mentioned it to a living soul."

"Most men who amass money are afraid of death," replied Shirley with outward composure, "for death is about the only thing that can separate them from their money."

Ryder laughed, but it was a hollow, mocking laugh, neither sincere nor hearty. It was a laugh such as the devil may have given when driven out of heaven.

"You're quite a character!" He laughed again, and Shirley, catching the infection, laughed too.

"It's me and it isn't me," went on Ryder, flourishing the book. "This fellow Broderick is all right; he's successful and he's great, but I don't like his finish."

"It's logical," ventured Shirley. "It's cruel," insisted Ryder.

"So is the man who reverses the divine law and hates his neighbor instead of loving him," retorted Shirley.

She spoke more boldly, beginning to feel more sure of her ground, and it amused her to fence in this way with the man of millions. So far, she thought, he had not got the best of her. She was fast becoming used to him, and her first feeling of intimidation was passing away.

"Um!" grunted Ryder. "You're a curious girl. Upon my word you interest me!" He took the mass of papers lying at his elbow and pushed them over to her. "Here," he said, "I want you to make as clever a book out of this chaos as you did out of your own imagination."

Shirley turned the papers over carelessly.

"So you think your life is a good example to follow?" she asked, with a tinge of irony.

"Isn't it?" he demanded.

The girl looked him square in the face.

"Suppose," she said, "we all wanted to follow it; suppose we all wanted to be the richest, the most powerful personage in the world?"

"Well, what then?" he demanded.

"I think it would postpone the era of the brotherhood of man indefinitely, don't you?"

"I never thought of it from that point of view," admitted the millionaire.

"Really," he added, "you're an extraordinary girl. Why, you can't be more than twenty or so."

"I'm twenty-four or so," smiled Shirley.

Ryder's face expanded in a broad smile. He admired this girl's pluck and ready wit. He grew more amiable and tried to gain her confidence. In a coaxing tone he said:

"Come, where did you get those details? Take me into your confidence."

"I have taken you into my confidence," laughed Shirley, pointing at her book. "It cost you \$150." Turning over the papers he had put before her, she said presently, "I don't know about this."

"You don't think my life would make good reading?" he asked, with some asperity.

"It might," she replied slowly, as if unwilling to commit herself as to its commercial or literary value. Then she said frankly: "To tell you the honest truth, I don't consider mere genius in money making is sufficient provocation for rushing into print. You see, unless you come to a bad end, it would have no moral."

Ignoring the not very flattering insinuation contained in this last speech, the plutocrat continued to urge her:

"You can name your own price if you will do the work," he said. "Two, three or even five thousand dollars. It's only a few months' work."

[Continued next week.]

The new issues for August are now in and you can get them at Lowe's Drug Store.

Fishermen, Attention! We have a full line of oars. The best money can buy. See them at the Bandon Hardware Store, opposite the Post Office.

LEWIN'S Meat - Market

All Kinds of MEATS and PROVISIONS

Furnished at Living Prices. A share of the Public Patronage Solicited.

E. LEWIN Prop.

The Opera

has a select stock of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Steam Beer on Draught. COURTEOUS TREATMENT.

Gross Bros Bandon, Oregon.

Furnished Rooms

—AT— The Pacific

BANDON Nice clean rooms, 25 and 50c a night; \$1.25 a week; \$5.00 a month. MRS. SARAH COSTELLO.

BOOTS SHOES

You Can't Expect to Get \$2 Worth for \$1. But You Can Get Your MONEY'S WORTH AT

M. BREUER'S Dealer in Boots and Shoes

Repairing neatly and promptly done at lowest living prices.

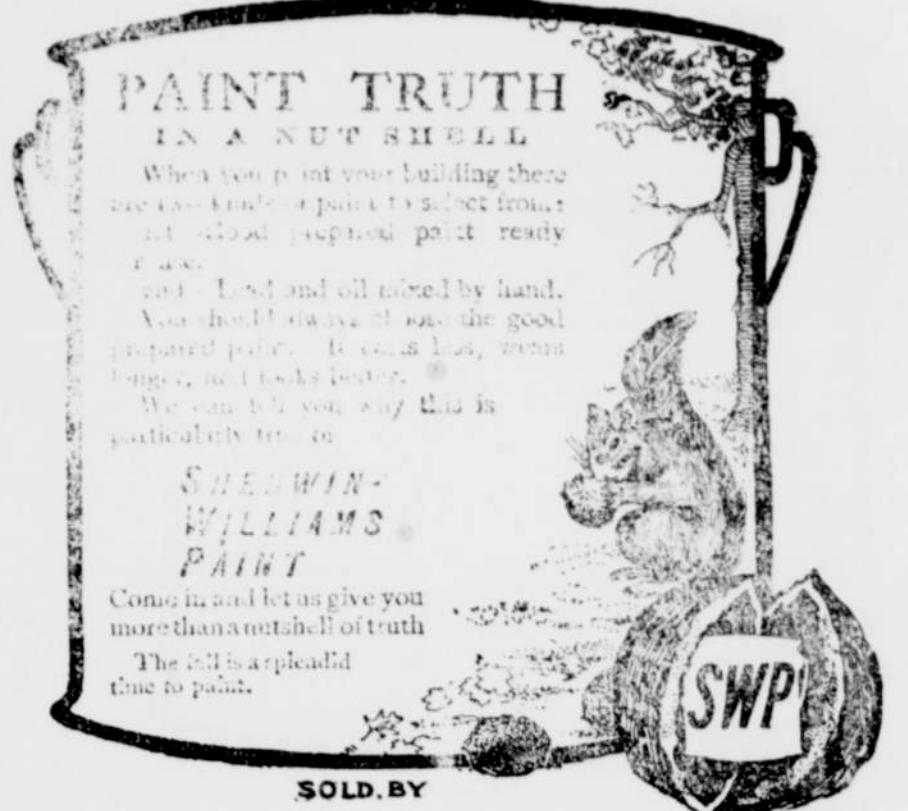
HOTEL : GALLIER

Rates \$1.00 to \$2.00 per Day. SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH. SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. BANDON, OREGON.



R. H. ROSA Co. Inc., 203 1/2 Bldg BANDON

Mrs. A. G. Hoyt wishes to Invite the Ladies of Bandon to call at her home and see her hats, before buying.



Bandon Hardware Co Opposite Post Office.

NEED A NEW STOVE? Bridge & Beach Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. Have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast, and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case. Our assortment of hardware, tinware and edged tools is most complete. Tinning & Plumbing a Specialty. A. McNair, THE HARDWARE MAN.

Chas. S. McCulloch Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Higher Classes of Work Solicited. BANDON, OREGON.

Crosman Timmons, President R. H. Rosa, Vice-President G. T. Treadgold, Sec A. E. Hadsall, Treas.

Bandon Investment Corporation Inc. May 6, 1907 A. D. Morse, Mgr. REAL ESTATE - TOWNSITES - PROMOTIONS BANDON

Gasoline - Steam, Pumping, Irrigation and Lighting Machinery.

Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engines for Spraying, Pumping, Sawing, Grinding, Outfits complete. Fairbanks-Morse Steam Engines, Pumps, Boilers. Fairbanks Scales for weighing. Fairbanks-Morse Dynamometers and Motors, for power and light; Windmills and Towers; Grinders, Feed Choppers, Well Pumps. All first quality goods at lowest prices. Always in stock. Liberal terms. Prompt reply to inquiries and quick shipment. Write for Catalogues and Prices.

Fairbanks - Morse & Co., Portland, Oregon.

PORTORFORD AND RED CEDAR SHINGLES For Sale at the Shingle Mill. All orders filled promptly. Office in mill. We pay highest price paid for Red Cedar Logs and Bolts. J. E. Young & Co

BANK OF BANDON, BANDON, OREGON Capital \$25,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. KRONENBERG, President, J. DENHOLM, Vice Pres F. J. FARR, Cashier, FRANK FLAM, T. P. HANLY.

A general banking business transacted, and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking. Correspondents: The American National Bank of San Francisco, California. Merchants' National Bank, Portland, Oregon. The Chase National Bank of New York. Bank is Open from 9 a.m. to 12 m., and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.